Tired

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Tired

by the_link_dock

Summary

Will Graham is tired of everything. So, he kills himself.

Notes

trigger warning: graphic depictions of suicide, suicidal thoughts, overdosing on sleeping pills

Will was *tired*.

He was so tired and ready to sleep.

So, when he grabbed the bottle of sleeping pills, he didn't hesitate in taking all of them.

He was ready to be done.

He was ready.

He'd been planning for this. In secret, he'd found homes for all of his dogs so they wouldn't be left hungry or taken to a shelter.

The lonely lady down the road got Buster. He was old and didn't need a lot of attention or activity.

The family that lived off Besley Road got Fletcher. Fletcher was a scrappy dog but was surprisingly good with kids.

He'd found all of his dogs suitable homes.

Except for Winston.

Winston was the newest addition to his pack, and yet every time Will found someone suited for Winston's needs, the dog would snap and growl into the person backed off.

Now, Winston laid on Will's bed, with his head on his paws and staring up at him with sad eyes.

Will gave a melancholy smile and scratched behind Winston's ear as the dog gave a low whine.

He wrote instructions for what was to happen to Winston. He didn't need an overly active family, he was good with kids but not overly-energetic, he needed to be able to take walks.

Will placed the note on his side table and sat on the edge of his bed, squeezing the mattress to calm his racing heart.

He had one last thing to do, and he'd be ready.

He looked at the clock. *3 a.m*.

He breathed a sigh of relief.

Hannibal would be asleep. Will was going to call the doctor, leave a voice mail as his "note" and finally sleep.

Will noticed his hands were shaking as he picked up his phone and entered the number by memory.

He laid down on his bed with a shaky sigh and concentrated on staying calm. He felt warm.

He was a little scared of dying but it wasn't enough to stop him this time.

The phone rang and Will closed his eyes, waiting for the answering machine or a recorded message.

He wasn't prepared for Hannibal to actually answer.

"Will?" Hannibal's voice was lower than usual and gravelly.

Will felt his heart jolt and opened his mouth to speak, only for nothing to come out.

"Will, are you there?" Hannibal's voice sounded more normal and Will cleared his throat.

"Yeah, uh, yes. I'm sorry, I didn't mean to wake you up."

Will could hear the amused fondness in Hannibal's voice when he answered, "It is early in the morning. I am glad that you called me though, did you have a nightmare?"

Will swallowed and let himself smile bitterly, "No. Actually, I...couldn't sleep."

He heard rustling on the other end, "Oh? For how long?"

Will pursed his lips and murmured, "A while."

"Are you okay, Will?"

Will felt his eyes sting and pulled the phone away from his ear.

Why did he have to answer. This wasn't supposed to be hard.

"Hey, H—Hannibal," Will asked, stumbling over his words.

Hannibal gave a noise for Will to continue.

"Are we...friends?"

The sound on the other line stopped and Will checked his phone to make sure the call hadn't disconnected.

"Of course, Will. I'd say we are good friends."

Will heard more shuffling and wiped at his face with his hand as he nodded, even though he knew Hannibal couldn't see it.

Will held his hand to his face and held his breath as he shuddered.

"Why did you call Will?" Hannibal asked after nothing but silence on the line.

Will sucked in a breath. “Just—couldn’t sleep. That’s all. I,” Will pulled the phone away as he heaved a silent sob and knew he was going to lie, “I saw Garrett Jacob Hobbs. I know he wasn’t there but he was just staring at me.”

He could hear the relief in Hannibal’s voice, “Ah. You needed to talk to someone from reality?”

Will swallowed, “Something like that. He’s gone now.” His voice trailed off and Will looked down.

“I’m glad you called me, Will. I can come over tomorrow, or rather this morning, with breakfast, if you would like.”

Will thought about it. He almost said no, but didn’t want to seem suspicious.

“Sounds good.” His voice was barely a whisper and his stomach started to cramp.

“Are you sure there’s nothing else you want to tell me?”

Will sucked on his teeth and shook his head, “I’m sorry for waking you up.”

He heard Hannibal release a quiet sigh, “I thought we were past these apologies.”

Will gave a short laugh that sounded uncomfortably close to crying. *He has to hang up.*

“I’ll see you tomorrow.” Will said, listening to Hannibal’s goodbye before hanging up the phone.

Will didn’t know when he started sweating, but it felt like when he woke up from a nightmare. His shirt was soaked and his hair was plastered to his head.

His stomach clenched in pain and he couldn’t keep the nose in his throat.

He focused on breathing to distracted himself from the pain, but every time he inhaled in made every thing hurt.

He took quick breaths and tried to stand up to go to the bathroom.

He managed to roll into his side before he threw up, which he considered a win.

He wiped his mouth on his pillow and kicked his phone off the bed.

He writhed in pain and finally let out a wail, knowing that he was isolated enough that no one would hear it.

Winston was barking at him and when Will tried to look at him Winston was blurred and swaying from side to side.

Will knew it was his brain shutting down but he still reached out a hand to steady the dog and have something for him to focus on.

Another pained moan wrenched itself from Will's throat and Winston barked and run to the front door and scratched at it.

Even though it hurt, Will couldn't help but smile. *Winston would try to find help if he could.*

Will wanted to talk to his furry friend, to tell him that everything would be okay and this was what he wanted, but he couldn't get his voice to work.

He started convulsion and concentrated and his ceiling, knowing that it wold be over soon.

Sure enough, everything settled down and his body relaxed.

He didn't close his eyes but everything got dark.

He was able to roll into his side, and tried to stay conscious.

He felt tears rolling down his cheeks as he tried to call out for Winston, but something was blocking the words from coming out. His voice sounded muffled and you couldn't make out the words.

He let out a gasp and tried to take in his surroundings. He'd turned the wrong way, he realised. His back was to Winston.

He wanted to call Hannibal and apologise for *something* he'd done—*everything* he'd done—but his phone was somewhere on the ground.

Will shuddered again before he went still. He stared blankly at the wall with lifeless eyes as the hours ticked on and his body cooled.

Hannibal got up at seven in the morning.

He'd been restless since Will's call, but felt confident he would be able to take care of the empath when he saw him.

Hannibal took his time preparing breakfast. He made the same thing he made the first time he cooked for Will.

What Hannibal liked to call a "protein scramble". His "sausage" was a man who had harassed a woman in a grocery store and had been overall an unpleasant person.

He diligently cut the meat and stirred it into the eggs that fried in his skillet.

He let himself focus on the sound and smells around him before he packed them into plastic containers.

He dressed for the day, donning a three-piece suit and combing his hair.

He put on his shoes and grabbed a coat on his way out, with his food in the other hand.

Hannibal was only slightly worried about Will's encephalitis. It was probably aiding Will's hallucinations and Hannibal wondered if the man had had another seizure last night.

Hannibal drive to Wolftrap in silence. At one point he turned on the radio to listen for any updates on killers in the area, but after no news, he shut it off.

He contented himself with thinking about Will. Will was coming along nicely, relying on Hannibal as his source of stability would foster dependency that Hannibal could easily manipulate.

When he pulled up to Wolftrap, he wasn't surprised that no one rushed out to greet him. Will was likely still asleep and there wasn't a flap for the dogs to let themselves out.

He walked up to the porch with food in hand and knocked on the door.

He heard one dog barking, which was extremely unusual. *Usually they were well-behaved, and if they did bark, all of them did.*

"Will?" Hannibal called out, instantly on edge.

He opened the door, unsurprised to find it unlocked and walked inside with hesitance.

Winston was barking at him and running in circles.

Hannibal found his eyes widening and his mouth falling open. He'd never seen *any* of the dogs behave like this.

He looked around the room and saw Will sleeping in the bed. He took a glance around the room and frowned.

There were no dog beds. No *dogs*.

"Where is everyone else?" Hannibal murmured, knowing the dog wouldn't answer.

It had stopped running and jumped in the bed and started licking Will's face.

Hannibal frowned when Will didn't move.

His frown deepened when he stepped closer and was stalked by a foul smell.

Excrement.

Hannibal stepped around the bed until he was in front of Will and saw eyes staring blankly at the wall.

Hannibal rushed into action, dropping the food, for once not caring about it, and checking for a pulse but finding cool skin instead.

Will was never cool, he was warm.

Hannibal looked around for *something* and found Will's phone.

Against all of his desires he called the police.

"911, what's your emergency?" A female voice answered.

"He's not waking up. My friend, he's not breathing and there's no pulse. He's cold."

"Okay, sir, police are on their way. Do you know how long he's been like this?"

"I don't know, I just got here."

"Is there anything around him?"

"I think he was foaming at the mouth. And there's vomit."

"Okay, do you see a pill bottle anywhere?"

Hannibal found himself stopping as everything sunk in. He looked around for a pill bottle and yelled, "Winston, pills!"

"Is Winston your friend?" The officer asked as she typed.

"No," Hannibal ground out, "it's his dog."

Winston bounded over with a white bottle in his mouth and dropped it in front of Hannibal.

"Good boy," he murmured, ignoring the drool and picking up the bottle.

Hannibal grit his teeth. "Sleeping pills. Is empty."

Hannibal threw the bottle across the room.

"Did your friend give any indication he was planning suicide?"

Hannibal covered his face with his hand and sat on the ground close to where Will's hand hung limp off the bed.

"He called me early this morning, at three. He said he was having trouble sleeping," Hannibal was surprised when he gave a sob.

"When will the police be here?" He asked.

"The minutes," she answered. "Do you want to stay on the line."

"No." Hannibal answered immediately. "I'll be here."

And he hung up.

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